

**BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.**

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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Editor and Proprietor.  
B. W. PATTON, Associate Editor.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 11.

**Five Mile News.**

Weather fine; farmers are very busy.

Wednesday G. Ewers and Charley C. drove to Joplin.

Pete Rickner is here on the creek trying to find enough people to have his father's will set aside and have the property divided equally between the brothers and sister. Of course, it does look hard to have one get it all, but there are lots of those kind in this world and some live in Baxter, just as craving. May God forget them, I can not.

Owen McCauley had an eye to business when he gathered that load of junk and hauled it to Galena Saturday. It brought him \$17.80. Good for one days work.

Where, oh, where, is Crawfish Prairie? We dont see his writings any more. Wake up.

Sunday, Amos Freeman and lady and Dr. Morseman and lady of Joplin spent the afternoon at Mrs. G. Ewers, Mr. and Mrs. O. McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martin. They had a fine lunch and fine time. Two brave drivers! The only ones brave enough to come down those rocky hills from Kansas line to Five Mile.

Just hear people say my husband's first wife. People, it don't spell it—the cain one lady's hubby's wife relations try to kick up and acts so like heathen, as they go by that nice little home on the creek. Be careful, you are not in Bakerville, in Kansas.

Lawrence Stroup of the branch is hauling lumber to Galena.

Chas. Ewers and wife of Shoal creek was in Galena Saturday.

Mrs. Billy Miller visited her mother Saturday.

Mrs. Havans gave a dance on Saturday night.

Charley, how much fooled were you Monday eve?

Billy Burrows hauled a load of hay from Ed. Monday. Which way is the nearest? Oh, he says past Mr. H., of course.

Friday Mrs. A. Ewers visited Mrs. Hogland of Joplin.

Tom Cromer is the horse trader. He should wear a blue ribbon when he sells bones and the hide thrown in for mowing machine, dogs and \$50.

Tom Griffin of Blendville, with his three little ones, visited his sister on the branch Sunday.

J. Bennett is visiting friends on the creek. He came from Bales county, Mo.

Henry McCauley is able to sit up.

Miss Allie McCauley was shopping in Galena Saturday.

Charley H. Wright of Kansas City writes his mother his game won the battle. He is pleased. If anyone wants to correspond with him about his chicks his address is 928 Spruce avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

G. Ewers drove to Hornet, Mo., to get plow-shears Monday.

**Card of Thanks.**

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hall and family wish hereby to express their thankful appreciation of assistance and sympathy from neighbors during their recent bereavement.

25-Foot business lot in best location in city. Daniels & Plumb.

L. B. Watson has just completed a store building on North street.

Mrs. Eagles and Mrs. Daniels of Joplin, visited their sister, Mrs. J. M. English, in this city. Sunday.

**A Good Democratic Daily.**

To the people of this community we heartily recommend The Kansas City Daily Post as a newspaper. It has the strongest and best telegraphic service of all the papers in Kansas City—the Hearst service. The Associated Press reports have always been prejudicial to the Democratic party and readers of Democratic papers have not been able to get at the true inwardness of things, because the Associated Press is dominated by Republicans, who in turn are dominated by the trusts. The Hearst service is free, fair and independent.

In market reports The Post is unsurpassed by any paper in the West. Every detail is thorough and complete. It is organizing a strong corps of country correspondents who are gathering news for it and sending the same in as specials. It is reliably Democratic, vigorous, conservative and straightforward. The subscription price of The Post is \$2.50 a year by mail. Therefore, all who want a Democratic daily that has for its motto:

"Here's freedom to him that would read, Here's freedom to him that would write," will do well to subscribe for The Kansas City Daily Post, Kansas City, Mo.

**FOR SALE**

At Lincolnville, I. T., six miles south of Baxter Springs, Kas., in the heart of the mines, a good boarding house with all of the furniture or without. Will sell or trade, taking team on the same as part pay. Want to sell on account of bad health. One part of the house 16x28 two stories high, one part 20x20.

F. M. KNIGHT,  
Baxter Springs, Kas., R. F. D. 2.

SIX-ROOM house, small barn, 50-foot lot, cheap.

**The Other Passenger**

By Augusta E. Mansford

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Come, Sal, get in here along with us," said Mrs. Bower as she hoisted herself and her large flower basket on to the footboard of a London omnibus, wherein one of her companions with a similar burden had already found a seat.

But Sal shook her head and remained standing on the curb outside the station-yard at Charing Cross.

"He won't care to take more'n two of us," she said, looking doubtfully at the conductor. "We crowd him up so. I'll wait for the next."

"That's all right, miss," cried the conductor. "Give us hold o' yer basket an' jump in! The more the merrier's my motto, even when it's fidgety old ladies who relieve the tedium o' the journey by pokin' at me with their umbrellas, bless their hearts! There's next to nobody in the 'bus this mornin', so in ye git. Drive on, Charlie!" and springing to his accustomed stand he gave a resounding pull at the bell, and the omnibus curved round to Whitehall at that exhilarating pace only indulged in before nine in the morning.

The "next to nobody" referred to was a bronzed, bearded man in the far corner, whose face was partially hidden by a large felt hat of the shape known as "colonial," and yet further screened by the open pages of the Morning Leader. He glanced up, however, when the three women were settled, and noted the broad shoulders and strong hands which, with the black bonnet and feathers, loosely plumed shawl and coarse white apron, are so characteristic of the humbler customers at the Covent Garden flower market.

"He's a decent chap, he is," remarked Mrs. Bower, giving a shake of her feathers in the direction of the conductor. "I always follow up his 'bus.'"

"It's a bit frosty this mornin'," observed 8764 by way of acknowledging the compliment which had reached his ears.

"Tis so," responded Mrs. Bower with a confirmatory nod. Then to Sal in a loud whisper: "Give him a button-hole bouquet."

"I will," replied Sal, promptly, and whilst 8764 turned his back with

"Well," said Sal, slowly, "there was a chap once, an' a likely sort o' chap he was, too. Bill Cartwright's his name, but that's fifteen years ago and more."

The Morning Leader at this juncture discreetly lowered, and two straight-looking green gray eyes appeared above it and fixed themselves on the face of the unconscious Sal.

"You see," she continued, "father he took ill an' lost the use of his hands. I promised mother when she was a-dying I'd look after him. He didn't mind my working for him—that seemed nat'ral like; but I know he was that proud that if he had to eat bread that a man o' mine had got for him, it would choke him. So when Bill comes along one day an' puts the question straight, I just swallers down a big lie—God forgive me!—an' ses as I didn't care about him. Then he goes off to foreign parts—California or somewhere—an' I ain't never heard from him since."

"Haven't you really now?" observed Mrs. Bower sympathetically. "Well, my sister-in-law's nephew's just back from Australia. Shouldn't wonder at all if they mightn' have fallen in with one another. Strange things do happen at times over the seas—mighty strange! He's comin' to drink a cup o' tea along with us some Sunday. You just drop in too an' have a chat with him. I'll be real glad to see you."

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Bower, I don't know but what I will," answered Sal.

"Bless you, Sal," said Mrs. Carp, "what for do you want to trouble your head about a fellow who has been a-galavantin' about all these years? I never have much of an opinion of a man who can't content himself with the country wot has born him. There's plenty of men in London."

"So there may be, Mrs. Carp, for all I care!" retorted Sal sharply. Just then the omnibus pulled up with a jerk at the end of Parliament street and the conversation ceased.

The conductor looked invitingly towards two lady typists in whom he considered he had a vested interest; but it was dry under foot, and the frugal maidens preferred to walk, so the bell had a sharp pull and the omnibus moved on.

"I often think," remarked Mrs. Bower, "what a mercy 'tis that those who buy our flowers are still a-sleepin' peaceful at this hour, an' don't take it into their heads to do their goin' out before twelve or thereabouts, else how should we ever get our house-work done an' tend to the children?"

"Most of yours are off to school by this time, aren't they?" asked Mrs. Carp.

"Yes, all on 'em but Willie an' Meg; they ain't old enough. My Ben he's a-gettin' on fine. You should hear him say his poetry—pages an' pages of it, he knows—'bout larks an' corn-fields an' such like. It's as good as a day in the country just to listen to him."

"Well," announced Sal, "I get out here for Rochester Row. See you Sunday, Mrs. Bower."

8764 stopped the 'bus with alacrity and passed down the basket, but they had no sooner started on again than the bearded stranger discovered that had been the precise point where he had wanted to alight, and sprang out accordingly.

Sal meanwhile had walked on with her burden at that quick nervous pace characteristic of women who are doing something beyond their strength, so it was a minute or two ere her fellow-passenger caught up to her.

"Hi, miss! I want some of them geraniums of yours. As big a bunch as you've got."

Sal stopped, and lifting up the tray of her basket, produced her flowers. "Ah, they're real beauties, they are! I don't want any change," and he dropped a sovereign into her hand.

She stared at the coin, then at him. "Bill!" she gasped. "It's you! That was never you in the 'bus?" and her weather-worn face took the hue of her flowers.

"But it was, though, my girl—thank my lucky stars! Now just you hand over that there basket, for I'm goin' to take that along, an' I'm wishin' to take charge o' you as well, if you haven't any objection."

And she hadn't.

**FOR FATHER-IN-LAW.**

Billson—Whose pocketbook is that you are advertising for?

Jimson—Mine, of course.

"Get out. Contained a roll of bank-notes and large number of cheques. Finder can keep money if he will return papers. Get out! You don't see a roll of bank-notes or a cheque once a year."

"No; but Bertha Bullion's father takes the paper I advertised the loss in, and he'll see that advertisement."

"Humph! Where did you get the money to pay for the big ad?"

"Bertha lent it to me; bless the darling."

Unjust Suspicions.

Mrs. Shril—Two or three times family matters referred to on postal cards which I received have become public property, and I'd just like to know how it happened.

Postal Clerk—I guess you must have left the cards lying around the house.

"Oh! Think I did, do you? Are you sure those cards were not read by somebody here?"

"Very sure, ma'am; there isn't a woman in this office."—N. Y. Weekly.

Miss Fitz's Fit.

For dresses of fashionable twist The Fit is not to be missed. Miss Fitz fits you till Fit matters are all. For Miss Fitz fits to suit with her Sat.

Health Insurance at little cost

**CALUMET BAKING POWDER**  
\$1,000.00 reward is offered to anyone for any substance injurious to the health found in Calumet Baking Powder.  
Purity is a prime essential in food. Calumet is made only of pure, wholesome ingredients combined by skilled chemists, and complies with the pure food laws of all states. It is the only high-grade Baking Powder on the market sold at a moderate price.  
Calumet Baking Powder may be freely used with the certainty that food made with it contains no harmful drugs—it is chemically correct and makes Pure, Wholesome Food.

**The Kansas City Weekly Star**

The most comprehensive farm paper—All the news intelligently told—Farm questions answered by a practical farmer and experimenter—Exactly what you want in market reports.

One Year 25 cents.  
Address The WEEKLY STAR, Kansas City, Mo.

**TAKE YOUR HOME PAPER FIRST**  
Then Subscribe for

**The Kansas City Star and Times**

The Star and Times, reporting the full twenty-four hours' news each day in thirteen issues of the paper each week, are furnished to regular subscribers at the rate of 10 cents per week.

As newspapers, The Star and The Times have no rivals. No other publisher furnishes his readers with the full day and night Associated Press reports, as does the Star and Times. This should recommend the papers especially to the progressive merchant and farmer.

I deliver both the Star and Times to the subscriber's door promptly on arrival of trains.  
Give me a trial. G. W. SKINNER, Distributor.

Contracts,  
First Leases,  
Second Leases,  
Forfeiture Notices  
for sale at  
this office.

List of Letters  
Remaining in the postoffice at Baxter Springs, Kansas, for the week ending with April 10, 1907, which if not called for within two weeks will be sent to the dead letter office at Washington, D. C.:

- Dr H Barnes
- Mr Edwin Bollinger
- Mr Welley Copp
- Mrs A E Honer
- Mr A H Peery
- Mr Robert Sherrod

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised," giving date list.

JAMES S. PRICE, P. M.

**Tame Grass Pasture.**  
Finest tame pasture in Kansas. Joins city. Fine water.  
C. W. Daniels.

Cooper's stock of spring and summer goods is certainly a credit to any store.

We have cash buyers for all kinds of city property. The time to sell is when some one wants to buy. Daniels & Plumb.

23 acres near city; small house, fruit, good land, near school; only \$1,000. A beautiful place for a suburban home. Daniels & Plumb.

DR. FINIS LOGAN ANDERSON,  
Office 6th and Main streets, over Joplin Hardware Co., Joplin, Mo.  
Either Phone 765.

Practice limited to treatment of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Eyes tested for glasses.

Dr. English. Phone 198.  
**BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER**  
CURES catarrh of the stomach.

**DeMoss & Chubb**  
PAY THE  
Best Prices

- at all times for the following.
- Hens, per pound.....08 c
  - Spring chicken, 2 lbs and over.....08 c
  - Broilers, 1 1/2 to 2 lbs., per lb.....08 c
  - Roosters, old, each.....15 c
  - Roosters, young, each.....15 c
  - Hen Turkeys, per lb.....07 c
  - Young gobblers, per lb.....07 c
  - Old gobblers, per lb.....07 c
  - Geese, per lb.....04 c
  - Ducks, per lb.....07 c
  - Young ducks, per lb.....07 c
  - Eggs, per dozen.....12 1/2 c
  - Butter per lb.....13 c
  - Green hides, per lb.....07 c

Prices subject to market change  
ALSO BUYS HIDES AND FURS.  
West of Cooper's, Baxter Springs

"I never knew," said a young man in our hearing, the other day, "that it is just as easy to form the saving habit as the spending habit. I save money now that I used to throw away. It is all due to one of your little Metal Savings Banks. I have something to show for my work; it is the best move I ever made."

Call and get a bank \$1 will open an account. If you can't call, send in your deposits by mail; we will send you the metal bank prepaid.

**BAXTER STATE BANK**  
Baxter Springs, Kas.  
Interest paid on Savings Accounts.

**E. H. CULLISON,**  
LAWYER.

Notary Public. Abstracts of Title Examined. Office in Danish Block.

**We Trust Doctors**

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nervous depression, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetable. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
HAIR VIGOR,  
AGUE CURE,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

[First Published April 4, 1907.]

**Notice of Final Settlement.**

The state of Kansas, Cherokee county, ss. In the Probate Court in and for said county.  
In the matter of the estate of Melisse J. Dillaway, deceased. Creditors and all other persons interested in the aforesaid estate, are hereby notified that at the regular term of the Probate Court, in and for said county, to be begun and held at the Probate Court Room, in Columbus, county of Cherokee, state aforesaid, on the first Monday in the month of May, A. D., 1907, I shall, on the 8th day of May, apply to said court for a full and final settlement of said estate.

FRANK A. DILLAWAY,  
Administrator of the estate of Melisse J. Dillaway, deceased.  
Columbus, Kansas, March 27, A. D., 1907.

[First Published April 4, 1907.]

**Notice of Final Settlement.**

The state of Kansas, Cherokee county, ss. In the probate court in and for said county.  
In the matter of the estate of Henry B. Francis, deceased. Creditors and all other persons interested in the aforesaid estate, are hereby notified that at the next regular term of the Probate Court, in and for said county, to be begun and held at the Probate Court Room, in Columbus, County of Cherokee, State aforesaid, on the first Monday in the month of May, A. D., 1907, I shall, on the 8th day of May apply to said court for a full and final settlement of said estate.

KATE E. FRANCIS,  
Executor of Estate of Henry B. Francis, deceased.  
Baxter Springs, Kas., April 4, 1907.

**OWL GROCERY & RESTAURANT.**

O. H. FRAZEE, Proprietor.  
Meals 20c at Meal Hours. Short Orders Between Times Served best way. Good Home Cooking. Polar Bear flour \$2 cwt. B B flour \$2 cwt. Vienna flour \$1.50 cwt. News Bldg.

There is all kinds of new goods on display at Cooper's.



"Bill!" She Gasped, "It's You!"

studying unconsciousness and devoted his whole attention to admiring the Admiralty dolphins, she drew from her basket a sprig of scarlet geranium and three white daisies, which, with a front of the inevitable maiden-hair, she bound firmly together and laid on the tray of her basket whilst she arranged a second spray resembling the first in every particular.

Her task was just finished when the conductor conveniently turned round and she handed them to him. "That's yours," she said, "and the other's for the driver."

"My word! One for him, too? Shan't we be grand! Folks will think this here 'bus is a-goin' to a wedding!"

"It'll have to be Sal's, then," said Mrs. Bower, laughing. "Cause we've both got a man at home—haven't we, Mrs. Carp?"

"We have," assented Mrs. Carp in a tone that seemed to convey the idea that though husbands were questionable blessings yet no self-respecting flower-woman would be without that appendage. "I was jist goin' to tell you about Jim last Saturday," she continued as 8764 disappeared up the step with the driver's buttonhole. "You know how it poured? Well, he'd been an' bought a whole barrelful o' cauliflower. Real beauties, they were. You can't think what a lovely sight that barrel did look with them all stacked high upon it! Then down comes that wind an' rain, an' he doesn't get 'em covered up in time, and a whole lot o' 'em gets tipped over into the slush an' gets spott! Just like him, wasn't it?"

"Ah, but you see, it came on so sudden-like," replied Mrs. Bower soothingly. "I got a lot o' my flowers spott. The wind's worse than the rain when it blows like that. I've often wondered, Sal," she continued, adroitly turning the conversation from poor Mrs. Carp's delinquencies, "as how you ain't got married. It must have been yer own fault, I'm thinkin'."